

## Letter from Alexander Melville Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, August 29, 1875, with transcript

Home, Sunday, August 29th, 75. (No envelope) My dear Aleck,

I "write at once" in reply to your unintelligible telegram. Had your message gone as directed, to George Dempster it must have been delivered in Toronto, where G. D. has lived for at least six months. It went of course to your Uncle's. He opens all telegrams that come for me, in order to send them out, reply to them, or keep them for me, according to their import. Your telegram of the day before, addressed to Mamma was also opened by your Uncle, who must be more mystified than even we are. What is wrong with you? When your Mother read your last letter (in your Uncle's study) she almost fainted. They of course asked what was the matter. I could only say that you had imposed absolute secrecy. The letter I did not see for several hours afterwards. Mamma did not wish me to read it at all. She however ultimately gave it to me, and I read it, with what feelings I shall not describe. Since then you have telegraphed "all right now", and the latest telegram to which I am now replying, asks us to destroy a letter which has not yet arrived! The extraordinary and unwarranted messages are bewildering. Your Uncle and I were to read here on Wednesday, September 1st, so that I could not do what I otherwise would, go to you to see what is wrong. You should come home at once- you ought to have come long ago. Your telegram is dated "Cambridge", but as you do not say "reply to Cambridge", I address this as usual to 2 Salem. Never allow yourself to think an evil or unloving thought in reference to your parents! Under all circumstances take for granted their affection and true interest are lifelong. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which thy God giveth thee". Come home and rest. We shall forget the breaking of this commandment of which you have seemingly been guilty and shall conclude that "blood ill-tempered vexeth you". I took Mamma for a trip to Niagara as an antidote to the effect of

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your letter. She is better. You will find no change in our affection, and we still hope that we have left to us a “good son”.

With much love I am ever, Your affectionate father, Alex. Melville Bell.